

## **Elend "Laceration"**

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Hollowed by the pain,  
I feel the rage coming in  
Suffocating waves.

As a wreck in the streams of my bloodied kin's blood,  
I dreamt of times when the festering might  
Enflamed our hearts to the point where the lacerating  
Was a joy ...  
It was a joy!  
And then, when the Vision's gone  
And Death's unformed,  
I am torn.

Our eyes are enslaved by the sight of the pyres,  
Cast under the yoke of our own death.

Uttermost the drugs that have led us thus far:  
The eyes, the poison, the vision, the might,  
But still we don't probe the silence.  
Here I am rolled and rolled by the stream.  
The state of foam,  
The moaning of the winds.

Over  
the  
cracked roads,  
Through the reeds  
of the  
marches,  
Hollow voices  
blow  
and the leaves  
bow down  
to  
other masters.

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